his victims. He paced the floor banging upon it with his stick & talking like this:

"Come, the sooner you clear out of this, the better you'll suit me. A pack of paupers, that is what you are! Fine assets, truly! Coffins rotting away without sale, a graveyard that's become a grazing ground, a gang of convalescents that the lightning could hit, ~~kill~~ make market value!"

So he raved on, enjoying himself. One after



another
~~one~~ my friends came softly to the door, whispered their tiding to me & glided away. I let the old man storm on. At last my poor old Cadaver rose feebly up, gathered his weeping wife to his side, ~~took his children in his~~ & said —

"Go, my little children, & you, my poor daughter & my poor Joseph, go forth from the old home; it has no shelter, more, for our breaking hearts. Out into the bleak world we will